

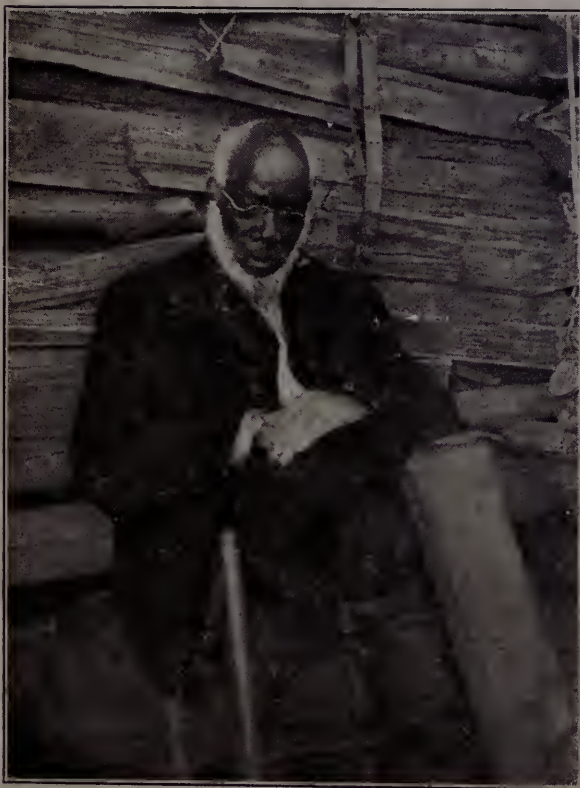
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HEAH DE VOICES CALLIN'

MARY LOUISE GAINES





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I Heah de Voices Callin'

BY

MARY LOUISE GAINES

1916

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ALPINE BOOK CO.

DEDICATION

TO THE YOUNG WOMEN OF THE SOUTH
WHO HOLD WITH IMPERISHABLE DEVOTION TO
THE IDEALS OF THEIR GRANDFATHERS AND
GRANDMOTHERS, WHO WERE THE UNEXCELLED
EXPONENTS OF ALL THAT WAS HIGH AND
NOBLE AND GOOD IN THE OLD SOUTH

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FOREWORD

IN presenting these scenes and portraits of a far and beautiful time I wish to say that each one is from life. These faithful old servants were from Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, and Mississippi. A few are still living. Some have recently passed away, and the feet of those who remain are even now in the edge of the stream.

They were the product of the example and teaching of the gentle, brave, true men and women whose characters have never been excelled, and whose graces have never been equalled.

And while we enshrine them in our hearts and embalm them in our memories, let us tread the same pathway, whether it be flower-strewn or set with thorns.

MARY LOUISE GAINES.

Agnes Scott College,
Decatur, Ga., December 1, 1916.

INTRODUCTION BY MR. KNIGHT

Lucian Lamar Knight, Georgia's State historian, has written the introduction. His appreciation of the author's work is couched in the following strong paragraphs:

This little volume of verse is sure of a warm welcome from a discriminating public. One needs only to glance hurriedly through its charming pages to find that, while diminutive in size, it contains the vital elements of a real literature. Wit, humor, pathos, imagination, wisdom, melody, all are packed into a space of dainty proportions. In an age, the chief characteristic of whose literary product is mere bulk, it is refreshing to encounter this little volume, which contains in essence so much distilled beauty, which reflects in miniature so much of a vanished world.

It is something more than a mere cluster of songs in dialect. Both the historian's pen and the artist's brush have been employed by the author. She visu-

alizes the past with true fidelity to life. Once more we find ourselves in the old South of romance and of song. We hear again the plantation melodies. Before us looms the stately old Southern mansion, back of which, as in the dead days, are grouped, in a picturesque fashion, the slave quarters. Reaching away to the horizon, extend the white fields of fleecy cotton, all a-teem with industrious labor, all vibrant with the airs of a simple but song-loving people. Her characters are not mechanical. She endows each with an individuality, separate and distinct. Her work is convincing because artistic. In the molds of dialect, she preserves the quaint humor, the droll philosophy, and the unfailing wit of the old-time Southern darkies. The relationship, tender and beautiful, existing between white and black, under the old feudal regime, is sketched with a loving hand. The old black mammy lives again in these pages, her laughter as contagious and her heart as loyal as ever. One almost forgets, in reading this little book, that the days so charmingly recalled by the author belong to a past whose memories are fast fading, and that over the death-strewn field of Appomattox the gentle rains of more than half a century have fallen.

There is not a single note of bitterness to be detected in the author's work, not a trace of sinister sectionalism. It is all sweet and wholesome like mountain air. Only the beautiful things are recalled. It is also free from local obscurities and limitations. It is marred by no provincialism. The author is both in and of the South. Born in the Old Dominion, a daughter of one of its patrician families, much of her life has been spent in Georgia. Her range of observation has, therefore, been wide. The life which she portrays is not peculiar to any one isolated section, but is typical of the South as a whole. The ante-bellum regime is reflected as in a mirror. Yet all within the limits of a single little duodecimo. How much of the soul of Dixie is packed into this volume—how much of its treasured lore—even as a drop of dew contains in its chemistry the ingredients of an ocean.

Such a volume will lend itself readily to programs for Southern evenings in schools and colleges, in women's clubs, and in literary societies. Our Northern friends who desire a genuine bit of the old South will here find it; while those of our own number,

who wish to keep in vital touch with the past and to hear its living voices, will find in this little book a faithful guide into the land of Southern yesterdays, a truthful interpreter of its ideals, and a sweet minstrel of its memories.

LUCIAN LAMAR KNIGHT.

Atlanta, Georgia,

December 1, 1916.

A VISTA

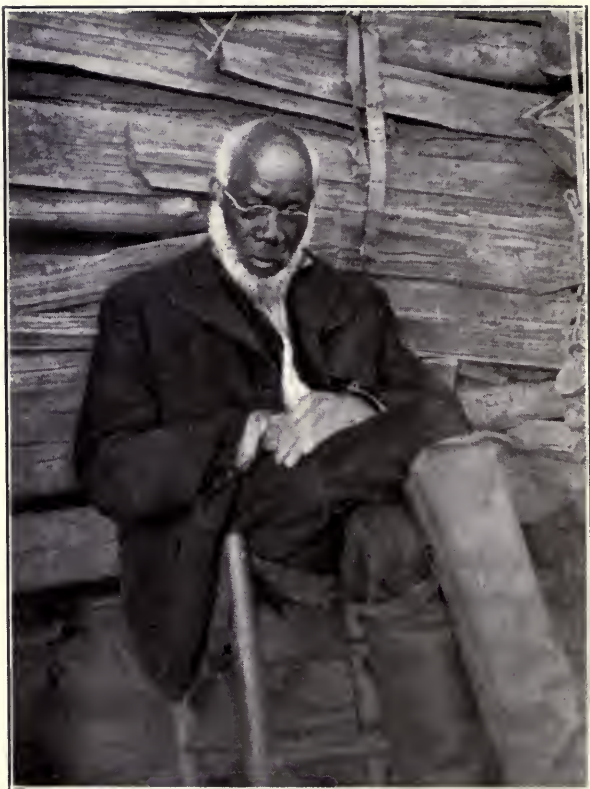


A VISTA.

A VISTA

Far thro' the fields of bending grass,
Sweet odors, lingering, pass
From out the spicy pines of night
And splintered aisles of light,
O'er bands of sun and further shades
Of ever deepening glades
Hence, to resplendent wide-spread domes,
Light's unencumbered homes.
O Spirit of a radiant Past!
Thy fragrant garments cast
O'er suns and chequered glooms of space
With tender, quiet grace,
And faithful dusky forms enfold,
With souls of larger mold.

I HEAR DE VOICES CALLIN'



"UNC' NAT."

I HEAH DE VOICES CALLIN'

Dese eyes dey gittin' dimmer, I ain' see fur away;
Ole Marster des a-callin, it mus' be break o' day;
I see des like de pic'shur, how clear de ole lan' lay.

De stars is des a-winkin' an' de dew a-shinin' bright,
I heah de hosses stompin' in de meadow on de right,
An' de cows fum out de low-groun', whar I pen um
fer de night.

An' dar's ole Mistis' chillun, a-playin' in de sun,
Dere little snow-w'ite footses a-shinin' es dey run;
An' w'en de shadders fallin', I sho' ter tote 'em home.

Dem chillun callin' sof'ly, dey'll ketch me roun' de
knees;

I spez' it des de river a-rollin' wid de breeze,
An' de win' fum out de valley a-creepin' thoo de
trees.

I heah de many voices of de fo'kes I useter kno';
It seem like dey mus' want me; dey did so long ago;
Ef I hol' my bref an' lissen, dey jes inside de do'.

Dis worl' is done got lonesome, I ain' keer much ter
stay;

I gwine ter fin' ole Mistis, she say she lead de way.
Ter whar' dar's no mo' trouble, an' de light is
always day.

I heah de angels callin', I heah dem thoo de stars:
I wunner is dey ready ter let me thoo de bars;
Dese clo'es do', dey ain' fitten, dey ain' like what
dey wears.

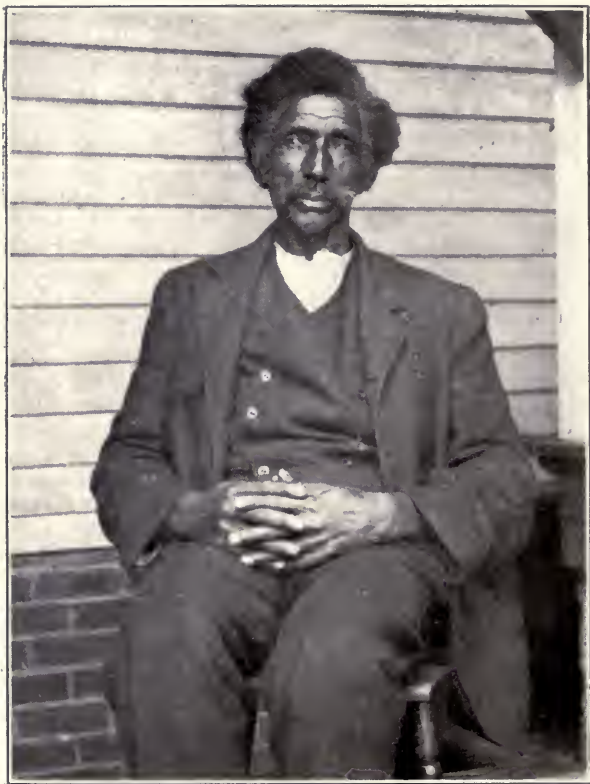
I prays an' I'm a-singin' dis song heah all alone,
In dis ole cheer a-settin', an' my work is mos'ly done.
Dat de good Lawd up in Heaben ud come an' tek me
home.

Ole Mistis, she up yonder, all dressed in pearly white,
Her gyarments es a-floatin' acrost my failin' sight:
She'll watch ter see me comin', an' she sho' ter hol'
de light.

An' de Lawd dat eum fum glory, He kno' I's ole an' po'.
An' de ones dat useter teach me es jes gone on befo'.
But de Book say ef I trus' Him, He'll nuver shet de do'.

The author has written beautiful and most appealing music, with chorus, to this song. Contralto solo and arranged also for male quartet. White-Smith Music Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.

DE BATTLE UV DE CRATER



"SAM."

DE BATTLE UV DE CRATER

When the Southern Confederacy was in its last throes the government considered the question of putting into the army a large number of negroes, promising them freedom after the war. Some said they would not fight, others said they would desert to the enemy. "But," said John B. Gordon, "as a matter of fact, so great was the loyalty of those old-time body-servants, in thousands of cases they risked their lives and brought their young masters off the field of battle wounded or dead."

Old Sam belonged to a South Carolina gentleman. He went into the army as the body-servant of his two young masters, and was an eye-witness of the "Battle of the Crater," Petersburg, Virginia.

'Twuz down in Souf Ca'lina,
By de ole plantation well,
Dat ole Marster stood dat mawnin'
W'en he spoke dat las' farewell.

His eyes wuz dim an' misty,
An' he nuver made no noise,
Des raise his han' to Heaben,
Say, "Sam, tek keer o' de boys!"

Dat's de onliest wu'd he tole me,
Kase he knode I'd do my part,
But to see dem boys a-leavin'
Des broke ole Marster's heart.

His head wuz white es cotton,
An' his step, it moustus slow,
I feared he eud'n stan' it—
But he tole dem boys to go.

Dey set up proud an' han'som'
On dem hosses, whut I broke,
Dey game right den fer battle,
An' dey nuver min' de smoke.

'Twuz de battle uv de Crater,
An' I staid back, me an' Ben.
An' I helt eight head o' hosses,
Fer de Cunnel, an' de men.

We heah'd de cannon boomin',
An' see de shot an' shell.
I prayed de Lawd to lissen,
An' keep 'em live and well.

Den de earf tor' up so sudden
An' I ain' kno' nuffin mo',
But de hosses des a-trompin',
Whar dar ain' no stable flo'.

De smoke wuz liftin' slowly,
An' de sun a-settin' red.
An' all acrost de meaders,
Wuz de dyin' an' de dead.

I searched acrost dat meader,
An' whar 'twuz steep an' hilly,
An' down amongst de shadders,
An' dar I foun' Marse Billy.

His head wuz on his elbow,
An' he look so still an' sweet,
I say, "Good Lawd in Heaben!
De chile is fas' asleep.

“He done wo’ out wid fightin’,
An’ he des want Sam to come
An feteh a cup o’ watah,
An’ talk ’bout goin’ home.”

An’ den I draw’d up nearder.
His han’s an’ head wuz col’.
An’ his pretty curls all bloody,
Whut Mistis said wuz gol’.

I hid him ’neaf de pine tree,
Whar de win’ wuz sighin’ low,
An’ I clipped a curl fer Mistis
Des befo’ I let him go.

De years is passin’ slowly,
An’ I sometimes pine an’ fret.
I done got ole an’ lonesome,
But I see Marse Billy yet.

I wakes up in de moonlight,
An’ I heahs de win’ an’ noise,
An’ I heah ole Marster callin’
Say, “Sam, tek keer o’ de boys.”

DEM 'SWADIN' WAYS

DEM 'SWADIN' WAYS

Yas, suh, Marse Johnny, he wuz tooke'n pris'ner, but I say to ole Mistis, "Don' you grieve 'bout dat boy, he heap better off dar in de prison den ef he out in de fiel' wid de bullets poppin' at 'im, an' he ain' gwine stay dar long, kase he got de 'swadin'est ways eveh I see, he fool de v'ey heart outen dem Yankees." An' so 'twuz.

Suh? Yo' ax me 'bout Marse Johnny,

Whut dey shet up in de fote?

Dey 'lowed he daid, er drowned,

Kase dat wuz de repote.

I knode dat boy all oveh,

I knode him thoo an' thoo,

Kase we wuz raise' togedder.

An' played an' hunted, too.

We 'rastled in de sunshine,

An' dancee de jig at night,

An' sot de traps fer rabbits,

An' coteh 'em, 'fo' 'twuz light.

We rid de hosses double,

An' fished wid crooked pins,

An' fool ole Marster scan'lous,

An' got wholloped fer our sins.

Dat's so, dey tuk him pris'ner,

But dey did'n keep him long,

His ways wuz des dat 'swadin',

'Fo' dey knode it, he wuz gone.

AN' HE MENDED DE GYARDEN
WALL

AN' HE MENDED DE GYARDEN WALL

When Lee surrendered at Appomattox the war was over. Business was paralyzed. The social fabric was in ruins. A prominent firm in the North offered General Lee a large remuneration if he would allow his name to be used in their business. England presented her country as an asylum for his bleeding heart, and broken fortunes—but he refused them all. and without animosity and without bitterness he sat down with the pitiful sum of fifteen hundred dollars a year as president of Washington and Lee University to lead the remnant of the splendid young men of the South in building their garden wall.

W'en dat awful wah wuz oveh,
An' Marse Jeems an' me got back,
Dey sho' wuz glad to see us,
Kase things wuz gwine to rack.

He hung his ole gray cap,
An' his sode up, plain to view,
An' ole Mistis set dar weepin'
Fer joy, an' sorrer, too.

We tole about de marchin',
 An' de beatin' uv de drum,
 An' de boys dat went in wiv' us
 An' 'll nuver mo' cum home.

Den young Marster, he got res'less,
 Kase he ain' kno' whut to do,
 He miss de smell uv battle,
 An' de camp-fire shinin' thoo.

I foun' 'im des at daylight,
 An' he look so slim an' tall.

Say, "Tom, des gimme de hammah,
 I'm mendin' de gyarden wall."

"Yes, Mother," he say to Mistis,
 "I'll do whuteveh I see,
 Like de bigges' man in dis country—
 An' dat Marse Robbut Lee.

"We see 'im in de battle.
 We follow his leadin' blin';
 An' whareveh he giv' de signal,
 We kep' up wid de line."

I sets heah in dis eabin,
 Twel I^o heahs de bugle call,
 But Marse Jeems he still a-wukkin',
 A-mendin' de gyarden wall.

THEN MAMMY HOLDS MY
HAND



THEN MAMMY HOLDS MY HAND.

THEN MAMMY HOLDS MY HAND

When lovers throng, insistent near,
And fate uncertain stands,
With balanced scales and silken thread,
Then Mammy holds my hand.

When Mother's guiding voice no more
I hear across the strand,
And life seems but a tangled web,
Then Mammy holds my hand.

And should, perchance, my tender feet
Approach the river sands,
And voices call beyond the flood,
Then Mammy'll hold my hand.



"AUNT MARY."

How Unc' Caesar Got Drunk
Onbeknownst to Hisse'f



"UNC' CAESAR."

'Long cum ole Satan a-carryin' dat good smell.

HOW UNC' CÆSAR GOT DRUNK ONBEKNOWNST TO HISSE'F

“Yes'm, ain' I nuver done tole yo' 'bout de time dat ole Unc' Caesar got drunk onbeknownst to hisse'f? Dat wuz de owdashusest thing evah I see an' we mos' put 'im ouden de chu'ch fer it, too. Well, 'way long in de yearly part uv de summer ole Mistis had done made a 'hole heap o' blackbe'y wine, an' one day she cum out ter de kitchen an' say, 'Ce'ly, hit's 'bout time we wuz rack'in off dat wine an' puttin' it in sum bottles.' So I went on down to de cella' an' brung up de jimmy-jon, a gret big 'un, des *full* o' good smellin' wine. We rack' hit off in a heap o' bottles, an' sum in de big glass *decanter*s whut sets all de time on de side-bode in de dinin'-room. W'en we wuz done uv co'se dey wuz a 'hole passel o' drugs in de bottom uv de jimmy-jon. 'Bout dat time ole Unc' Caesar, whut wuz choppin' wood at de wood-pile, cum 'long ter git a drink o' watah, leas'ways, dat whut he say he cum fuh. Sune's he cum in de

kitchen he say, 'Mistis, please give dis po' ole black niggah sum o' dem good drugs, jes' a haffen a' cupful, dey do smell so oncommon good, an' I don' feel so pow'full well nohow dis mawnin'.' An Mistis, she says, 'Sut'ney, Caesar, yo' kin hev sum, jes' set down by de table an' Ce'ly will give it to yo'.' I gin' 'im a 'hole lot in de tin cup, an' Mistis she went on in de house, an' she ain' 'spishum nuttin', kase she mighty good chu'ch 'ooman.

"'Twuz a wa'm, lazy kin' uv a day, an Une' Caesar he set dar a long time enjoyin' uv hisse'f an' a-drinkin' uv his drugs. Presn'y he git up an' he says, 'Hit's gittin' too warm in heah fer me, an' I b'lieve I'll go outen de baek do' an' set under de walnut trees whar de win' blows.'

"I went on 'renchin' out de jimmy-jon an' de udder things an' po'ed the res' uv de drugs all into de troff des' outside de baek kitchen do'. I heah'd de little pigs an' de tukkeys cum a-runnin', an' I say ter m's'f, 'Dey likes hit, too.' I kep' on stirrin' 'roun' dar, gittin' busy, an' torreckly I heah sumpin' an' look out de doah an' dar wuz de beatenest sight dat evah I see, 'fo' de Lawd! Une' Caesar wuz tryin' ter

cum up de hill, but dem drugs had done flew'd ter his haid, an' he des' a-fallin' all 'roun'. De tukkeys an' de little pigs wuz doin' de ve'y same way. De tukkeys 'ud drag dey wings an' spin 'roun an' roun'. De little pigs had oncurred dey tails an' wuz tryin' ter set up on dey hine laigs, but dey cud'n do nuttin' an' so dey wuz all des a-fallin' 'roun' an' oveh one 'nudder. I see sumpin' hatter be did, so I up an' call big Jim fum 'erost de meader. Jim, he des loded Unc' Caesar on de wheel-barra' an' den tuk an' emp'y 'im onto de straw pile in de barn flo'. He lay dar de 'hole endurin' night. Dat wuz sho'ly bad an' I knode de chu'ch hatter do sumpin' 'bout hit sune's de wud got 'roun'."

The whole plantation, and in fact the dusky population of the entire countryside was thoroughly stirred when it became known that "Unc' Caesar," who had always been held up to young and old as a paragon of orthodox belief, as they viewed it, and of consistent living, had actually and undeniably been hopelessly drunk. They could hardly believe their ears. True, for the honor of "de chu'ch," and in justice to the old man, an effort had been made to

circulate the extenuating circumstances. Still the offence was too open and of far too grave a nature to be ignored or even lightly passed over. This lamentable fall from grace must be discussed in open "meetin'," and at least a severe reproof and warning administered. In fact, he must "be tried befo' de chu'eh"—its dignity and discipline must be maintained. It must be done without delay. So the following Sunday was set for this serious and solemn ordeal.

The little church under the trees by the creek was packed to suffocation. The window sashes were removed as the only means of admitting a little light and air above the ebony heads and faces which filled the lower part of the opening, and as to the atmosphere within, nothing short of formaldehyde (for-mal-de-hide), could have restored it to its pristine purity. The trial was to follow public worship, so after a rousing sermon on "De Devil is a Roarin' Lion," and closing with the hymns, "Hark from the Tombs," and "Don't Tromp on de Cross," they proceeded to arraign the trembling offender.

Brer' Jenkins, who loved to preach in thunderous



"UNC' CAESAR."

His eyes were "walled" out of the door.

tones the terrors of the law, rather than the softer side of religion, now stood up as the prosecuting officer. He was tall, lank, bony and of powerful frame. His coat, which was his chief pride, being a long-tailed frock, bestowed upon him in a moment of generosity by "Ole Marster," hung loosely about him, while his rusty beaver sat on the bench behind him holding his red bandanna.

On either side of him, in solemn array, were the most respectable of the old "brederen and sisteren." On a chair near the door sat "Unc' Caesar." His snowy, well-patched shirt, which had evidently been hastily put on, was all awry at the neck, while he was clearly "oneasy in his min'," for his eyes were "walled" out of the door on the left side, or back among the moving dusky shadows of the right. His fringe of grey hair stood on end, while his whole face wore an expression of troubled anxiety.

Brer' Jenkins stood up, and shaking his long bony finger, said "Brer' Caesar, yo' is drawed up befo' dis ersembly uv 'spectable membus ter answer fer yo' sins whut yo' done a-puppus, an' fer yo' shawt-comin's. De fust an' wuss sin is dat yo'

is bin drunk, not des er spinmin' 'roun' on one foot an' singin' 'Chieken in de Bread Tray,' an' all dat trash, but yo' is bin drunk down wid de beastes uv de fiel' an' de fowles uv de air. Den yo' tuk an' fell right in wid dat tem'tashun widout a-fightin' uv hit none. Ef yo' hadder bin choppin' wood studdy yo' would'n er knode nuttin' 'bout hit. But I kin see yo' right now er restin' on yo' ax, wid yo' nose in de air, an' right den 'long eum ole Satan a-carryin' dat good smell, an' yo' tuk right out artar it, an' de fust yo' kno' yo' ain' kno' *whar* yo' is. Yo' eyes an' yo' yeahs an' yo' nose an' yo' feets is giv' ter yo' ter keep yo' outen trouble, an' not ter tek yo' in. Mens is bin gittin' drunk eveh sence ole Brer' Noah's time."

"But, Brer' Jenkins," interrupted "Une' Caesar," "I ain' kno' nuffin 'bout dem dar drugs, dey smell sweet es de flowers offen ole Mistis' rose bed, an' I des 'lowed ter m'self all dat ar el'ar stuff whut dey calls wine is done drawed off an tuk in de house an' set on de side-bode fer de quality, an' dese heah brown drugs ain' nuttin', dey ain' gwine hu't dis ole niggah, ole Satan done gone in de house an' got in de *de-*

canter, settin' dar waitin' fer de w'ite fo'kes. Ef hit hadder bin hard eider, I'd er knode bettah, kase I is erquainted wid dat. I feels turrible bad an' broke up 'bout dis heah, but hit happen so onbeknownst ter m'se'f an' so confusin' like, I des ain' 'sponsible.'"

"Well, Brer' Caesar, dat mout be, but yo' is done bro't turrible trouble on dis heah chu'eh uv which I is de 'on'able Shep'ud, an' how is I gwine raise all dese heah chilluns wid sich er 'zample set um? Den dar is annudder sin er restin' on yo' soul. 'Way in de daid er night, yo' bin drawin' po' souls on todes de Debbil wid dat ar ongodly fiddle o' yourn. hit des crawls outen de craeks an sets de young fo'kes prancin' an' dancin' right straight on ter de bad place. Don't yo' kno' yo' mus'n' put de fiddle ter yo' naber's yeahs anymo' dan yo' do de bottle ter his mouf? Dat kin'er music, hit gits onter yo' hans. an' gits onter yo' feet an' onter yo' haid. an' den inter yo' h'art. Fiddle music puts onto yo' whut de preachers can't put onto yo', an' ef hit gits into yo', de preachers can't git hit outen yo'. Dat sut'ney is de trufe. I done seed it."

At this juncture "Brer' Jenkins" called for opinions, which were given with great solemnity and varying degrees of severity as to the offences and the degrees of punishment. Some holding that the fiddle was at the bottom of all the trouble and should either be smashed or buried.

The case looked so dark that "Unc' Caesar" was evidently "feelin' pow'ful bad." He feared total excommunication, which would have broken his heart, for to be put "outen de chu'ch" was a life-long stigma, casting the offender outside of all social and religious standing.

The tension was great as "Brer' Jenkins" stood up—"Brer' Caesar, as de Shep'ud uv de Lawd's erligion en dese parts, I is now ter giv' jedgement. We is not ter 'spend yo' by de nake twel yo' is daid, but we is ter 'spend yo' 'twix heaben, an' earf, an' de bad place. We is ter han' yo' oveh ter ole Satan twel he done sif' yo' out. De chu'ch en dat time'll be a-ras'lin' an' a-prayin'. Yo' is not ter pray none en de chu'ch, ner 'zort none. An' dat 'ar onri'chus fiddle es ter be wrop up en sack-clof an' ashes an' laid on de high shelf. Dar is *one* thing ergin yo' whut yo'

cyar'n he'p, an' dat is yo' name. Hit es er heathen name, ole Marster say, an' hit hev drug yo' down. Ef yo' hadder bin' name' Isaier, er Jerrymier now, er eben Lamantashuns, yo' mout er tu'ned out bettah. An' may de Lawd hab mussy on yo' soul."

Poor "Unc' Caesar" evidently felt that considering his long, consistent life, his sentence was far too severe, and, amidst a silence which could be felt, he erept away muttering to himself, "I jined de chu'ch forty-two yeahs ago, an' I ain' said 'Confound it' sence."

DE OLE BLACK MAMMY



DE OLE BLACK MAMMY.

DE OLE BLACK MAMMY

Dey say that I is eb'ny

An' my teef is iv'ry w'ite;

Dat de Lawd kno' whut He doin',

An' He made me 'zactly right.

Dars one thing I kno, sho'ly,

I says it, an' I smile;

Dar ain' no yaller niggah,

Kin nuss my white fo'kes' ehile.

Dey ain' kno' how to teeh 'em,

Kase, dey ain' de sho' nuff thing,

Hit teks de rale black mammy

To kno' des how to sing.

I sings 'bout "Kingdom Comin',"

An' "Sweet Chariot Swingin' Low"

An' de good ole "Lan' uv Promis' "

Whar' no win's uv trouble blow.

Den de baby drap off easy,
Des a-restin' on my arm;
An' de angels talkin' to 'im,
An' keepin' 'im fum harm.

Dese times is pow'ful triffin',
An' 'fo' long I gwine home.
But de w'ite fo'kes can't raise chilluns,
W'en de ole blaek mammy gone.



Yo' ain' no qual'ty nigger,
An' yo' need't cum co'tin' me.
Yo' wa'nt no qual'ty den,
An' yo' ain' none sence yo' free.

DE COMIN' THOO UV PETER
CRUMP

DE COMIN' THOO UV PETER CRUMP

One of the great events of the year in old plantation life was the camp-meeting, which was arranged for in August or September, after the crops were all stored and the heavy work of the summer over.

On one of the great plantations in eastern Virginia there was an old stump out in the edge of the woods, which the negroes looked upon as sacred to the process and ordeal of "gittin' religun." They had their meetings in this skirt of woods. There they would sing and shout and the mourners would lie across this stump and pray and groan and "'rastle wid de devil till they'ud cum thoo."

Peter Crump was a very black, ugly, repulsive, deformed creature, whose back had been broken one night on a "possum" hunt. He had gone with his young masters, the "possum" had been treed and there was nothing left but to cut the tree down. As it fell, Peter somehow failed to get altogether out of the way, and a large limb, striking him, broke his

back. Though so hideous in face and form, he was perfectly harmless, sensible, kind and good.

There was a great revival in operation on the plantation. The preachers were kept busy doing their day's work and "carrying on" the revival at night. The stump was kept warm with the converts, numbers of whom would "cum thoo" every night. Peter was devoted to "Mistis an' ole Mistis," but he had not been up from his cabin for sometime to pay his "bespecks" to them. It was known, however, that he was "gittin' religun an' gittin' it hard." When he did finally "cum thoo" he came up to tell "ole Mistis 'bout it."

"I is sut'ney had a hard time, Mistis. I bin a-lay-in' on de stump, an' prayin' an' groanin', an' callin' on de Lawd, an' sum nights I bin dar by de stump, er 'crost it, all night. I knows I des a po' ole sinful niggah, but I 'lowed I ain' so pow'ful bad. I wuz a straight sinner. I 'spee', dough, I wuz swole up wid pride an' dat in reason de Lawd hatter pass me oveh to ole Satan twel he done sif' me out.

"One night dar, w'en meh strenk wuz 'bout gone, an' I done wo' out 'rastlin' wid de devil, I los' m'se'f

fer de longes' time. An' endurin' uv dat time I seed a vishun. I see m'se'f sprawled out on a flatform, an' dat flatform, wid me on hit, wuz des balance' oveh hell fire. Yo' ain' nuver see no fire nuttin' like dat, it wusser'n de cross-ropes blacksmif' shop whar dey blow de bellus twel dey wore deyse'fs out mekin' de i'on red hot. I helt on hard as I cud to de flatform, an' look down oveh de aige. I see de big ole Devil settin' dar wid de pitch-fo'k red hot, an' a 'hole passel o' little devils a-prancin' 'roun' wid dey fo'ks het up, too. All un um wuz a-watchin' me, an' a-shakin' dey hawns, much es ter say, 'He ain' gwine hol' out much longer, an' den he drap in.' De flatform wuz gittin' hotter an' hotter, an' erumlin' off all 'roun' de aiges. Den torreckly I riz up on meh foots wid de las' plank under me, an' hit a-splinterin' an' a-erumlin'. I eudn't do nuttin', but I des kep' on callin' on de Lawd, do de sulfer wuz mos' chokin' uv me. All to wunst I look pas' de stump, an' down de paf to de shadders uv de woods, an' dar, eumin' todes me, wuz a little gray man. His clo'es fell oveh 'im des like de 'Piscopal preacher's do w'en he git up to preach. He had de kindes' look outen his eyes eveh yo' see, an'

his face wuz shinin'. He look strong, too, like he ain' 'feared o' nuttin'. Den he helt out his han' to me, an' I tried to git to 'im. Den he lif' me bod'ly offen dat crumlin' plank onto de cool sof' groun' an' pas' de stump. I say ter m'se'f, 'I is light es air now,' an' I shet up meh eyes an' 'gunter shout, 'Glory, halleluyah, de Lawd done cum' ter dis po' ole sinful, ugly, black niggah, an' I see de mark uv de cross on de stump.' I open meh eyes ter see de gray man ergin, but he done gone. But I so happy I ain' kno' whar I is. I look roun' fer dat hole in de groun', but it done close' up, an' I ain' see it no mo'.

"It seem like to me I smell de flowers back in de tall grass, an' 'tudder side o' de woods I heah de creek singin', an' de birds in de tree-tops, an' de light spread sof' all oveh de sky, an' Mistus. I cum thoo."

"Mistis'," and "ole Mistis'," eyes were wet and shining, while down Peter's black cheeks rolled two great tears and dropped on his dusky hands, which shook with the emotion of his realistic vision.

He was never known to "backslide," and seemed to be always earnestly happy. Any time of the day, whether he was minding the cows in the woodland

pastures, or digging for roots in the low-grounds, he might be heard singing, in wailing, but melodious tones,

“O, sister Marthy, don’t tromp on de cross,
Yo’ foot mout slip, an’ yo’ soul git los’.

Don’t tromp on de cross.

“Ole Satan, he like a snake in de grass,
Always in some Christun’s paf.

Don’t tromp on de cross.

“Ef religun wuz a thing dat money c’ud buy,
Den de rich w’ud live an’ de po’ w’ud die.

Don’t tromp on de cross.

“Hypoerits, hypoerits, God despise,
Tongue so keen dat dey will tell lies.

Don’t tromp on de cross.”



G'way from heah! Yo' see disher hawg? She
so spil't she won't lemme set in de do', hardly.

“QUEEN HULDY”

“QUEEN HULDY”

A Tale of the Mississippi.

The time when this story opens was away back in the early forties of the last century. Longwood was one of the many stately homes of the Old South, and like all plantation homes where refinement and culture reigned, had its hundreds of happy, devoted slaves. It was perfectly kept and always beautiful. Whether amid the gray-greens and pinks of early spring and the grace of tasselled buds along the streams; or under the full tide and glory of a prodigal midsummer; or in autumn when King Cotton rolled his miles of billowy waves; or even in winter, when the days were “shot to the core with sunshine,” which at sunset made the grand old avenue a cathedral aisle with the rose window of its transept far to the west; whatever the time or season, old Longwood sat a queen.

The interior of Longwood fully justified the stateliness and beauty of the exterior. To the right of the

imposing hall were the large parlors and dining-room. To the left the library and music rooms. Opening into the library was a large bed-room. This was richly adorned and decorated. It was in pale blue and gold, with the high ceiling frescoed in little Cupids bearing festoons of delicate wild flowers. The furniture, heavy old mahogany which had been in the family for generations, was covered with a French brocade in floral design of soft tints to harmonize with the decoration of the ceiling, while upon the rich, dark waxed floors were handsome oriental rugs. The windows, draped with soft lace, ran from ceiling to floor. Two of these windows opened upon a veranda towards the West, about ten feet back from the front portico; one of them has a tragic significance appearing later on in this story.

The figure of a manly man can give expression to and stamp character upon a landscape; and therefore the impression any visitor might have of beautiful, stately old Longwood would be greatly added to as Colonel Edward Gray swung wide the great front doors of his mansion, walked briskly across the pillared portico, and down to the drive below.

Here was a man who was the consummate flower of the chivalric age of the old South. Brave, ready to fight for a principle, yet reserved, self-contained, forbearing. The fine cut of his features showed blue blood, intellect, strength and generations of culture, combining the indomitable will and healthy activity of his English ancestors with the warm-blooded intensity of the Huguenot strain from the best of sunny France. When college days arrived, he was sent to his father's Virginia alma mater. Colonel Gray was well read in the best literature which the ages had accounted as worthy to live, and as to severer studies, the exigencies of the time had concentrated his attention upon law, government and finance. The administration of his vast estate, together with the social, financial, and political questions of the day, made of him, as it did of most of the able young men of his class, incipient governors, statesmen, and commanders-in-chief. Hospitality reigned, and many of the best-known men of the time were guests at his board, brilliant talkers and notable tellers of tales. Conversations were enriched with the classics and alive with old-world history, as well as quotations from "what I have heard my

father say." Those were the days when conversation was not only a fine art, but so spontaneous one could not detect where nature and art fused into one. Could it only have been written, future ages would have had no better model.

Ten years before, Edward Gray had brought to Longwood his beautiful bride, who was also his cousin, from her home in upper Mississippi. Some idea of this famous beauty will be found in the following description of her portrait, which her devoted young husband had ordered painted by one of the masters of the day. Just inside the library, in a long panel by the bedroom door, hung this full-length portrait. A being fair and winsome, clad in the diaphanous folds of some filmy robe; across the forehead and down the neck strayed wind-blown escaping tresses of golden hair. But the charm and power of the face lay in the wondrous violet eyes—they followed one to every part of the room and out into the great hall. Upon these the artist had done his best and crowned himself a master.

With this beautiful bride came "Huldy," who had always been her maid and loved her young "Mistis"

with a passionate devotion that she never gave to anybody else. Indeed, she apparently bestowed affection upon *no* one else, unless it might be her ill-shapen, uncanny boy, Tom. Her mother had come direct from Africa. She was the daughter of a chief in the interior, and was taken prisoner by a tribe at war with her father and sold by them to a trader from the coast, who included her in a shipload of negroes leaving for America. Huldy's father was an Indian, so in inheriting from both parents, she was in stature, physiognomy, disposition and character essentially unlike any of the other servants in that part of the country. In appearance, she was tall, very dark, muscular, and with an evident trace of her African mother and her Indian father in the cast of her countenance. Having unusual natural ability, she had also been trained very carefully by "ole Mistis" into a very capable servant, superior as a maid, and also a very excellent cook. She was faithfulness itself to her young "Mistis" and "Marse Ed'ard." But from the first, all the servants of Longwood alike feared and hated her. When roused, her temper was violent and vindictive, and they fled in terror at the strange words she uttered in

a tongue they had never heard. They were sure she had constant communication "wid de Debbil," and could "cunjer" them at will. They knew she kept on hand "yarbs," "lizuds," and "toad-legs;" that she walked in the "ma'shes" at night, regardless of the mists and miasma of the river. Yet so subtle and dominant was her personality that in carrying out her "Mistis'" commands, they obeyed her unquestionably, and mockingly called her "Queen Huldy."

Young "Mistus," whom she idolized, and who was the only one who could absolutely control her, only lived about two years and a half; dying of that deadly fever, typhus malaria, from which the whole region sometimes suffered, when the mighty river rose in his strength, burst all bounds and flooded vast sections of the rich lowlands. To say that she was universally lamented would be but the simple truth. From her young husband lover, and his wide eirele of friends, down to the humblest servant on the estate she was loved and trusted.

Longwood for some years was largely a closed place. The master administered his vast plantation with conspicuous ability, finding his priniepal pleasure in

this, his books, and a few close friends, with now and then a family gathering, or a few weeks spent in one of the large cities, where he could hear good music or see a fine play. As to the domestic arrangements, while he planned everything, Huldý was in charge. Her faithfulness, honesty and ability, having been tested, were to be relied upon. Nevertheless, young Colonel Gray was a lonely man. His father and mother had died some years before; his sisters had married and lived in distant homes of their own.

At the end of seven years, Edward Gray decided to spend a summer in Virginia among his mother's people. Here he won for himself "Miss Margaret," a daughter of the Cavaliers: one whose name was linked with the "men who had planted the tree of liberty and made possible a great republic;" a name whose bearers had grown "gentler, truer and more self-respecting because of the virtues of a long line of ancestors who had lifted a family name to deserved eminence."

"Miss Margaret," she of the fine grain, the silken hair, the musical speech, the graceful mien, who had been brought up by two of God's chief ministers: nature and a gracious, gentle, pure mother; she whose

bed-rock foundation was innate virtue, piety and womanliness. These, with a habit of self-control, prepared her for her duties, whether great or small. This was the girl Edward Gray had won. Noble in character himself, he sought only that which was fine and true in Southern womanhood.

Directions had gone down to Longwood as to the preparation for the homecoming of the lovely bride, and these were being carried out by Huldý, assisted by the full corps of house servants and the best hands on the place. Whatever Huldý might have thought when told of the coming of the new "Mistis," she gave no sign and worked hard to have everything "jes' like Marse Ed'ard wanted it." Every curtain hung snowy and crisp in its place, while the silver and rich old floors were polished to perfection.

Universal holiday was declared that bright October morning when "Marse Ed'ard" was expected, and the undercurrent of excitement was intense as the carriage rolled up the avenue from the landing. Happiness was contagious—the Master, the spirit and centre of everything, had come home. Every face was a shining welcome as they declared to each other that

“de uth warn’ good ’nuff fer ’em to walk on.” Huldy, standing a little in advance of the other servants, smiled her welcome also. But a close observer would have noticed the narrowing of the eyelids and the strange gleam which shot beneath them.

The weeks and months which followed were largely given up to social gaieties, as the whole country-side welcomed the beautiful bride and rejoiced that old Longwood was again filled with light and laughter. “Miss Margaret” guided the affairs of her household with unquestioned ability. She soon became the idol of the house servants, and was admired and trusted by the whole plantation. True to her native instincts, home training, and the traditions of every true Southern mistress, she looked closely after the physical and religious interests of her servants, taught them the truth and pointed them to Heaven when they died. Amid all this harmony, Huldy was the only being out of tune. Faultless in her obedience and respect, she was yet taciturn of speech and singular of manner. “Miss Margaret,” knowing her silent nature, strange disposition and devotion to her former “Mistis,” did not expect too much of her. Surrounded

by affection and absorbed in her busy life, suspicion formed no part of the thinking of the young mistress of Longwood.

Spring comes early in that part of the South, and with it some malaria, against which the inhabitants are constantly guarding. So when "Miss Margaret" began to have a series of light chills and to lose some of the roses from her cheeks, her husband gave her the usual remedies. But her system did not respond as readily as might have been expected from one naturally so vigorous. A strange languor would overtake her and at times a sense of numbness.

It was spring—early in May. One morning Colonel Gray, as he stepped upon the gravelled drive, found his favorite horse, "Lady Mand," waiting for him, held by one of the young negroes. He swung himself into the saddle and moved rapidly off down the avenue and into the road beyond. This was a spring morning of surpassing loveliness. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the tender foliage of the giant trees and the flower-crowned hedges where honeysuckle and yellow jasmine intertwined and ran riot. The mists rolling from the river carried their perfume everywhere.

Suddenly the Colonel's horse shied. Out from the tangle of briars and hedge scrambled a negro boy of about fifteen or sixteen. His shirt was ragged and his trousers were held in place by one "gallus." His face was a good one, showing honesty and loyal affection.

"Sam, you black rascal, what do you mean by scaring my horse in this fashion?" exclaimed the Colonel.

"Marse Ed'ard, I sho' did'n' mean ter skeer dat hoss, but I bin er-waitin' heah a hour des ter see you, kase I got sump'n ter tell you dat yo' is des 'bledged ter kno'."

With that he drew from each pocket the head of a large rattlesnake.

"I say ter m'sef, Marse Ed'ard sut'ney will wunner whar I got dese heah snake-haids, an' he sho' will ax me what I gwine do wid 'em."

The Colonel knew that he could trust Sam to tell the truth and that the cause of his agitation must be something out of the ordinary, so he replied:

"Well, Sam, tell me the whole thing."

"Yas, suh, I gwine tell all I kno'. Yistiddy w'en me an' 'Queen Huldy's' Tom wuz 'rastlin', I got mad

and frowed him down hard, and sot on him an' den I 'lowed I gwine emp'y out his pockets, kase I see dey look mighty full o' sump'n. I say, 'Tom, whut in de Debbil you doin' wid dem dar pizen snake haid?' An' Tom, he say,

“ ‘I des got 'em fer Mammy; she sout me down in de aige uv de swamp an' I didn't had no trouble git-tin' 'em.’

“An den' I tole him I gwine keep dese an' he kin git sum mo'. Wid dat he ain't say nuthin', des got up and went on. Marse Ed'ard, it certainly is de trufe dat de Debbil is in 'Queen Hully' wusser en eveh. She got er ground puppy, too, and she fixin' right now to eunjer sumbody wid 'im. W'en eveh she gits ter wukkin' wid things like dat, sumbody is boun' ter die on dis plantation. She gits er spite at sum uv us po' niggers, and sum she pizens an' sum she eunjers. She goes out heah in de dark timber of the low ground an' ketches one er dese heah ground puppies an' draps 'im in a ole rusty tin cup an' puts 'im up de chimbly whar he kin res' on de ledge, an hit warm and dark. She don' kill de creetur, des lets 'im dry clean up, wid his sperit in 'im, den she pow-

ders 'im an' cunjers de wuss kine wid dat. I keep a good jack-bag 'roun' my nake so I ain' niver got cunjered. But, Marse Ed'ard, I's had a awful sign. Las' night de ole squineh owl come in de bushes, hin'st my cabin an' done his hollerin'. I didn't 'spute none wid 'im, I des jammed de shovel in de fier. Den I tu'ned meh shoes bottoms upwards. But wid all dat he would'n leave, an' I kno' fer sho' dat sum uv de fambly gwine sune. Dat's de wuss sign dey is, an' I jes' feared sump'n mout happen to Miss Margaret."

It was true that during the past year several deaths had occurred on the plantation which could not be accounted for. The doctor had said it was "marsh fever." One ease was attended with a strange delirium. Another seemed to gradually waste away. This was "Sookie," who, it was known, had in some way incurred "Queen Huldy's" mortal displeasure. The superstitious fear of the negroes was therefore greatly aroused, but as nothing had happened for some months, suspicion had, in a measure, passed away. As the Colonel rode off after Sam's long story, he had to admit to some feeling of uneasiness, knowing the

fear and hatred of the servants towards "Queen Huldy," who was no ordinary negro.

As Colonel Gray rode back to the house about noon on the morning of Sam's interview he felt perplexed as to how he would ever deal with so strange a being as Huldy. It was true that the negroes feared and hated her, but they were so superstitious that it was difficult to put one's finger on any truth pointing to wrong-doing. She was a valuable servant and almost indispensable to Margaret. He felt instinctively disturbed, however, and resolved to give the matter serious and cautious attention within the next few days.

It was the Colonel's regular habit to make an important business trip to New Orleans every spring, consuming two or three days. This was Tuesday, and he was to leave on the boat that night, returning early Friday morning. His only anxiety was leaving Margaret alone, but he had made every arrangement for her safety and comfort. The overseer and his family were near and two of the house servants were to occupy a small room at the back of the house. Huldy was to sleep on a couch in her "Mistis'" own room, having received many charges to take good care of her.

As the Colonel's carriage sped swiftly to the landing along the avenues and through the star-crowned night, was there no voice out of the darkness? Nothing. No sound broke the stillness, but the whirl of the quivering bat-wings sweeping through the tree-tops, then down to the earth, or perhaps a mother bird stirred in her nest in the outer shrubbery as the horses' hoofs pounded on the hard sand approaching the boat landing, or the swish of the mighty river might be heard lapping under the pier. How dull are our senses, even in the presence of impending doom! The skirts of destiny brush against us and we feel them not. How great are the limitations of human life! This is well, for, as Dickens has said, "If we could hear the grass grow, and the squirrel's heart beat, we would die of the roar on the other side of silence."

Huldy curtsied low as her master said "Good-bye," and, as on the day of Margaret's arrival, there was the suppressed excitement in her manner and the unnatural brightness of her eye. This was the time she had waited for! Known only to her was the fact that malaria was playing no part in the impaired health of the fair mistress of Longwood. For

weeks as she brought to "Miss Margaret" her ten o'clock glass of fragrant "sangaree" and thin wafers, or served a tiny cup of French coffee in the parlor after dinner, she never failed to mix a few drops from a small flat phial she carried in her bosom. This bottle never left her person. It was attached to a strong twine string which hung around her neck under her clothing. The fluid was greenish in color, clouded in appearance, but tasteless, unless it might be a slightly sweetish quality.

Huldy was a descendant, at short range, of a tribe in the interior of Africa, a tribe of the hills and great streams, of the governing class, which by virtue of mind and greater strength of body, were a superior people. This singular being had virtues and certainly native ability, but, though she could read the Bible, she never became a subject of Christianity. Capable of intense devotion to one object, love had harked back to the only being who had ever stirred her heart or commanded her allegiance—her own "young Mistis." Deadly jealousy arose at seeing any one else enthroned in her own sacred place; anger at the relinquishment to Miss Margaret of the power she her-

self had held on the plantation for seven long years—*these* were the conflicting passions; *these* were the basal causes swaying her to action and forcing her with ceaseless power to the accomplishment of a fiend-like purpose. Why did not Huldy simply leave Longwood, run away as negroes sometimes did? This was no part of her blood. There was no spot on this earth where she could be happy. High tragedy was the only thing of which she could now form a part. No “Borgia” of old Rome ever awaited with calmer certainty the completion of his plans than did this dark silent woman await the moment of hers.

The portrait of her own young “Mistis,” as it hung on the library wall, was Huldy’s shrine, and often, when she thought herself alone, would she stand for long periods before it muttering strange words in mysterious tones. So jealous was she of any one using anything that had belonged to her “young Mistis” that she would convey it to some other part of the house, or hide it altogether. There was never a time since her “young Mistis’ ” death that fresh flowers were not found in a beautiful vase, on a carved bracket, which hung on the wall beside the picture.

The two days following the Colonel's departure were marked by no change, except that Margaret felt increasingly languid and disposed to sleep. But thinking that it was only malaria, and that the time for their departure for a cooler climate was comparatively near, no thought of impending ill suggested itself. Thursday night had come, and with shining starry eyes she thought of Edward's return in the early light of a spring morning. She had been served a cup of tea with her light supper, and later on Huldý had brought her a glass of iced wine.

Retiring early she slept immediately, dimly conscious once that Huldý was bending over her saying, "Dis heah's de las' dose, Miss Margaret." This she took, hardly knowing it.

The whole plantation slept under the beauty of the Southern night. The half-grown moon had set. No sound broke the stillness of the mansion but the ticking of the clock on the stairs.

Huldý had not lain down nor removed her dress, which was a dull red, with red head-handkerchief tied firmly on, the ends standing up on top, as was her custom. She brought in from the parlor the heavy

double-branched silver candlesticks, lighted the wax candles and put on the red shades. She moved restlessly among the dark unlighted rooms and returned to gaze fixedly into the face of the sleeper. The clock chimed midnight, and then, as the last echoes died away, she went swiftly to a closet and drew out a large box from which she took Miss Margaret's bridal dress and began dextrously to robe her in it. She drew to the centre of the room the low couch and threw over it a red satin slumber robe which lay on the foot of the bed. Then taking Longwood's fair mistress in her arms she placed her on it. There she lay in her marvellous beauty, the silken folds and filmy lace all about her. How regal she looked! Still breathing softly and regularly, but with strange, profound depths. Not more certainly were the deepest currents of the mighty river flowing steadily to the sea, than were the life-tides slowly but surely moving toward the ocean of the great unknown.

It was a far call to Virginia, but spirit wings annihilate space, and who shall say that this gentle soul in passing would not manifest her presence in some subtle manner in the old home and that the

loved ones waking in the early light of the Virginia morning would not ask each other, "Was it a dream? I thought Margaret spoke."

Huldy, in the passing moments, sometimes seated herself on a low stool at the foot of the couch, and sometimes moved restlessly round and round it, but always she rocked herself and chanted a strange, dirge-like song.

The master was to arrive at four o'clock, but there was a smaller boat at three. Huldy was listening intensely. Suddenly she heard the eliek of his key in the side door down the hall. With the quickness of a wild deer she sprang through the long open window on the west veranda and took the path to the river. The sky was whitening to the East. As she ran, reaches of marsh grass rippled in the moaning night wind, seeming to run along the shore and then recede. The estate stretched for miles up the river. Here and there might be found old canoes, moored to gnarled roots and half hidden among the reeds. They were used only by the negroes as they passed from point to point in their work.

The river was up, brimming his banks, and the ever-present shadow of devastating floods hung over the proteeting dykes. It was foolhardy to launch a frail skiff on those boiling waters. But "Queen Huldy" knew no fear, had never known it. She stepped into one of them, cut the rope and pushed off into the current. The spirits of the wild hills and tumultuous streams of her ancestral Africa possessed her. They, whose occult secrets she had used, might now reclaim her and she would return to primal elements. The rushing of the great Mississippi in its yellow rage seemed a fit accompaniment to the going out of such an untamed and untamable spirit. As the damming of waters is but the gathering of force, so this wild spirit of the forest and the jungle pent behind the slender barrier of only one generation of a partial civilization burst its bounds with the added fury of accumulated power. Standing erect in her boat, which rocked with the swirling of the currents, her tall dark form swayed from side to side as she balanced herself with the oar she was gripping.

The stoic of the Indian strain within her rose to its full height as the boat shot out where the channel

flowed deep and strong. Laying down her oar, she folded her arms and broke forth into a monotonous, wailing, half-forgotten song, learned long ago in childhood from her African mother.

A few streaks of the daybreak shot across the sky, as some of the men, going early to work, recognized this vanishing spectre on the river, a streak of flame, as though a part of the advancing dawn. They watched the onward progress of the frail craft and its lonely occupant with wonder and superstitious awe, till it rounded a deep bend in the rushing torrent and was lost to view. The top of the red turban on the erect head was the last visible object in the passing of this unconquered product of two continents.

For long years to come in the falling dusk of summer evenings, little negroes tumbling on the sand piles down among the quarters would be startled into silence by the scream of some lone bird amid the marshes far up the river. Running to their mother, with fearsome faces, they would whisper, "Dat Queen Huldy! Dat Queen Huldy!"

HOLDING THE VISION



THE FOREST.

HOLDING THE VISION

I dinna forget—Lang Syne
 Calls thro' the vanished years,
Golden her smile, and bright,
 Touched with the mist of tears.

Trailing forget-me-nots
 Down by the meadow streams,
Far thro' the twilight hush,
 Bearing my cherished dreams.

Bravely defying Time,
 Fronting the sword that gleams,
Holding the jewels high,
 Saving my priceless dreams.

Dreams with the diamond point
 Chiselling a-down the slow years,
These make me the soul I am,
 Composite, aloof from fears.

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